

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

TERMS \$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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Papers of ADVERTISING.
Each square, (11 lines or less), three weeks, \$1.00
Every additional insertion, .50
Yearly advertisements on columns, \$4.00
Half columns, \$2.00
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Professional cards \$3.00 per annum.
All letters addressed to the editor must be paid to the editor's attention.
If the paper is discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor.

POETRY.

The following extracts are from the poem read by Anson G. Clacker, of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Express, at the late Editorial Convention. They have the clear ring of the poetical bullion, and by their beauty and aptness speak right to the heart. What a pleasure it would be if his advice was everywhere followed in the newspaper world.

See that your columns fall not to contain
The glorious products of a working brain.
Papers, are you put that "horrid murder" in,
Think, ere you chronicle that frightful sin,
"A fine case like," as some homopaths say,
Publish a rape and robbery every day;
But since one crime another crime ensues,
Since vice from reading vice fresh zeal secures,
Dispense no more this pabulum of woe—
Call in the Cleric, let the Demon go.

Too many imps usurp the throne and place
Where Beauty should unveil her rapturous face;
And many a thistle lifts its sharpened spear
Where only Virtue's hilts should appear;
Why should we offer loaves when corn and meat
Are plenty, for the famished soul to eat?
Why sacrifice our dearest hopes and aims
In playing these nihilistic games?
Where Avarice is sure to be the winner,
Leaving its partner stars to dine and dinner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

Mr. SOLOMON WINTHROP was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, thirteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeremiah was in an opposite corner, engaged in ciphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetical book.

"Sam," said the father to his youngest boy, "have you worked out that sum yet?"

"No sir," returned the boy, in a hesitating manner.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetical book, you had done it!" uttered Mr. Wintthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked troubled.

"Why haven't you done it?" continued the father.

"I can't do it, sir," tremblingly returned the boy.

"Can't do it! And why not? Look at Jeremiah, there, with his slate and arithmetical book. He has ciphered further than you had long before he was as old as you are."

"Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them. They have no interest to me."

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?"

"It's a work on philosophy, sir."

"A work on fiddle sticks! Go, put it away, this instant, and then get your slate, and don't let me see you away from your arithmetical again until you can work out these roots. Do you understand me?"

Samuel made no answer, but silently put away his philosophy, and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner.

His father left him, and his eyes were moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without a cause.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as the old man had gone, "I will do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," returned the younger brother, but with a grateful look, "that would be deceiving father. I will try to do the sum, though I fear I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, but still to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the base, hypothesis and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple to themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more did he become perplexed and troubled.

The truth was his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly

ly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Wintthrop was a thorough mathematician—he never yet came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he conceived that the same of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion that, were Euclid living, then, he could give the old geometrician a hard jussel. He seemed not to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, and that what one mind grasped with ease, another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jerry progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly covered with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Wintthrop could not see, that Samuel was pondering upon such profitable matter was interesting to him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and took another turn, and the grief he left his father, "There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so that he was not very cold, and getting up, he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he dragged forth some long strips of wood, and commenced whittling. It was not for mere pastime that he whittled, for he was fashioning some curious wharves from these pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and dozens of small wheels, that he made himself, and seemed to be working to get them to, together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

As she spoke, she opened her apron, took out four cakes and a piece of pie and cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cakes, and thanked her.

"Oh, what a pretty thing that is you are making!" uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labors. "Won't you give it to me after it is done?"

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy, with a smile, "but as soon as I get time I will make you one equally as pretty."

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, and the boy resumed his work.

At the end of the week, the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's jack-knife and pinchers had assumed a form and comeliness, and they were jointed and grooved together in a curious combination.

The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed upon it. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy.

While yet he stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of the chamber opened, and his father entered.

"What are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Wintthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and he turned pale with fear.

"Ha, what is this?" said Mr. Wintthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. "This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making playthings and fly-pens. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lesson or not. There."

As the father uttered that common injunction, he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks. Looking upon the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands he burst into tears.

"Ain't you ashamed?" said Mr. Wintthrop, "a great boy like you to spend your time on such clap-traps, and then cry about it, because I choose that you attend to your studies. Now go out to the barn and help Jerry shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber; but for long days afterwards he was sad and down-hearted.

"Samuel," said Mr. Wintthrop one day after the spring had opened, "I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a term you would not know how to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business, and more over, he had the

reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposals, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop, he was in ecstasies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, he mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master. One evening, after Samuel Wintthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and found the youth, busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There was quite a number of pieces lying on the bench by his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use.

Mr. Y. ascended what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. Next day Samuel Wintthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one, Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the county.

Mr. Wintthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Wintthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, "what is a fine factory they have erected in your town?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Young, "there are three of them, and they are doing heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factory. Now if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first-rate situation there."

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I hear and see in the newspapers about those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that was ever got up before."

"You must ask your son about that," returned Mr. Young. "That's some of Samuel's business."

"Eh! What, my son? Some of Sam?"

"The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his little son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise."

"What do you mean?" he at length asked.

"It is simply this, father, that this loom is mine," returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. "I have invented it, and have taken a patent right, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right, in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot six years ago?"

"Yes," returned the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed to be breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was all most a pattern of the very loom I have set up in the factory, though of course I have made much improvement, and there is room for improvement yet."

"And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weave, and when you used to fumble about my loom so much?" said Mr. Wintthrop.

"You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea I have since carried out."

"And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems," uttered Mr. Wintthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand.

"Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I used towards you. I have been blind, and now I see how I misunderstood you. While I have thought you idle and careless you were solving a philosophical problem I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel—I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination."

Of course the old man had long before forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was open to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:

Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can ever be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children; and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. George Domb, the great moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician could not write out a common place address.

WHAT THE SOUTH THINKS OF IT.—Here is a Kentucky estimate of a dough face:
DOUGH FACES.—We always doubt the professions of Northern men or women who express love or admiration for the institution of slavery! When such 'dough faces' are about, we look up our silver spoons and advise our richer but much less fortunate fellow citizens to place their 'niggers' out of the way of temptation.

It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, and when we hear Northern people, in the South, berating the land of their nativity, and holding up to ridicule the friends and playmates propensities of their friends and neighbors at home, and lauding the 'whole soul,' 'generous' audience of another State in whose presence they are, we always are inclined to suspect a rat trail up all our valuable, doubt the sincerity of the speaker, and presume that in another latitude, our felices or felix may be made equal matters for birth or state. Again we say, it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest!

[Georgetown Ky. Herald.]

EDITORIAL CONVENTION.

We publish the following article, from the Cincinnati Gazette, for the many excellent suggestions it contains to editors and readers.

The State Journal, of Thursday, contains an appeal to the editors of Ohio who have not contributed their quota towards defraying the expense of publishing the proceedings and address of the late Editorial Convention of Zanesville, to do so at their earliest convenience. The editors, who were present paid their share, one dollar each, and if the brotherhood throughout the State will do as much, the address of Mr. Coggeshall, the popular Mr. Chester, and the proceedings generally of the convention, will appear in a neat volume in a form for preservation. Col. Harris, of the Ohio Cultivator, at Columbus, is the treasurer. Money intended in a letter addressed to him will be properly taken care of.

We sincerely hope that every editor in the State will contribute his mite for so laudable a purpose. Those who will be entitled to receive a copy of the volume; and we assure our friends that they will find much good and curious matter in the volume, relating to newspaperdom, of much greater value than one dollar.

The convention at Zanesville was one of the most pleasant gatherings we ever attended, and we hope that at the next meeting every editor in Ohio will be in attendance. We have noticed with surprise that opposition has arisen among a portion of the press to these conventions; and they ask what good do they, or will they do? We believe they have already done good, and if continued yearly they will do much more. They do good in various ways, but chiefly in making gentlemen connected with the press acquainted with each other, they wear off the wire edge of political strife; they produce kind personal relations between gentlemen engaged in the same pursuits, though opposed to each other on State and National subjects. The chief objections raised against the newspaper press of our country is its gross personality. These conventions will do much to uproot that defect. Social intercourse is a great liberalizer. Many a hasty word will be left out of an editorial, when we know the parties to whom it is intended to apply. The press ever degrades itself when it resorts to personalities, and as they are discarded, so the press will rise in importance, influence and value.

These conventions are also valuable, from the amount of information which they diffuse. There is hardly an editor who does not gain some useful facts, connected with his profession, during twelve months. At the Zanesville convention many useful hints were thrown out, relative to printing, advertising, and the general manner of doing business. The resolutions which were passed embody many good thoughts, and they have been copied far beyond the borders of our own State. It is notorious, that the newspaper editors and publishers have lost more by bad debts than those engaged in any other profession or calling. It is important therefore, that the system of cash payments should be adopted, and strictly carried out as far as practicable, and at the earliest possible moment. A reform like this, if thoroughly carried out, would be of incalculable benefit to those whose business extends far outside of their own immediate locality. The press or cash system is gaining ground rapidly. No great reform has ever been successful at first. Time is required; union is necessary; constitution is necessary; combination is necessary; and what so good as the annual convention to accomplish these ends!

Again: the editorial conventions can be made the means of doing much good in a social way; for we are believers in the social virtues. An editor's life is one continuous, never-ending turmoil. If he does his duty, and is worthy of his position, he must wage undying war against public malfeasance and official corruption. His duty is not performed unless he inculcates the principles of religion and virtue, manly sentiment, honor, integrity, temperance, frugality, and independence, and in all proper ways diffuse 'knowledge among men.' To do these boldly and with honest intention, the task is not an easy one. The antagonisms of these are selfishness, corruption, meanness, and bold unblushing villainy. If an editor does his duty he may expect to meet the turn of his road; he will be in the end, if true to his high calling, conquer and destroy them. Such being his manner of business, he requires, at intervals, relaxation, innocent social pleasures; and what can be more congenial than a day or two spent in a convention with his fellow laborers in the public vineyard, to talk over the past, consult over the future, have a good supper or dinner, have good sentiments, short speeches, witty toasts, conundrums, good and bad, and perhaps a various assortment of songs, puns, and poetry. We say there is much good in these things. They sweeten life, and they prolong it.

Again: who so poor as the editors, take them as a body? It is not because they do not work. No class of men work harder: none such long hours. Their work is never done; and yet they seldom are rich. Their names do not appear among the tax payers who pay heavy taxes. They are not troubled with long schedules of houses and lots. Their rent rolls are only known to them as presented quarterly by their landlords with an intimation, that if they consent, they would be pleased to have the money to-day. They take an interest in the price of stocks only for the information of others; personally it has no more interest to the editor than a last year's almanac. But why accumulate proofs? Dickens makes one of his characters, with an air of self-confident assurance that the question cannot be met, ask, 'Who ever knew a giant die?' and no body could or did meet the question, 'Who ever knew an editor die?' is equally unanswerable.

Such being the case, it is not to be denied that editors have worn, good ones too, and

children, many of them likewise, and that when the poor editor dies like a worn out horse in going his weary round, and the day of sorrow comes to those he leaves behind, and the fire-side has the long, cold shadow cast over it, and the paper stands still, or is sold, and the widow and the orphans are left all alone, would not the gloom of that hour be broken, if she knew that there were in the State an association of the craftsmen of her late partner who would care for her?—erect, perhaps, an humble stone to mark the spot at earth where the poor editor lies in the green valley, taking his last, long sleep, sweet calm and peaceful; or would take her orphan son and give him a better education, and teach him to be a printer as his father was, and perhaps, in the time he would get back the old paper in the dear old village where he was born and where the weary rest. Might not things like these be done? Might they not be done to be talked about, and wouldn't they do good?

"We'll have a blessing with the leave
And never miss it."

There is much we would like to say on this subject and shall recur to it again. We think many opportunities for doing good, and many occasions for social and business intercourse, are lost, which we might enjoy if we resolve to avail ourselves of them. The convention at Zanesville was one of these opportunities that was improved. We hope we may live to enjoy many of these happy reunions. In thinking, however, of the joys that are to come, let us not forget to send Major Harris that dollar.

ARREST OF A NOTORIOUS JAIL-BREAKER.

Sergeant Sangston, on Tuesday night, succeeded in arresting Abraham Pfeiffer, who broke jail the second time at Clarkburg, Harrison county, Va., about the last of December, 1853. He was confined, we believe awaiting a trial on charge of counterfeiting and upon his escape an offer of \$100 was made in a proclamation by the Governor, for his recapture.

Officer Sangston has had an eye upon him for some time past, and with a sufficient force accompanying him he surrounded and searched a tavern, above Bridgeport, and after a desperate resistance on the part of Pfeiffer, during which he broke down two doors and had a portion of his clothing torn off, he was secured, ironed, and brought over to the city, and placed in jail. Sergeant Sangston returns his thanks to those citizens of Bridgeport who contributed their assistance in making this important and difficult arrest. Pfeiffer is represented as a very powerful man, a desperate character; and a perfect terror to the section of the State in which he prosecuted his operations. He will be taken back to Clarkburg and delivered over to the custody of the sheriff of Harrison county.—Argus.

Russian and French Soldiers.

A lively writer from Paris draws a parallel between the soldiers of the different nations now fighting in the Crimea, and first says of the Russians:

"The valor displayed by the Russians in the night attack on the Allies has never been surpassed by the soldiers of any nation or people whatever. The Russian soldier lacks strategy and quickness of movement, but he possesses courage almost without parallel, a remarkable strength of body, and great resistance to the exhausting effects of wounds. It has been a common remark, from the day of Napoleon to the present moment, that the Russian soldiers are the most difficult soldiers in the world to put hors de combat. Marshal Ney said: 'It will not suffice to shoot a Russian soldier; he must be pushed over.' Remarkable instances of this power of resistance to the loss of blood, and to the first impression of a wound have been exhibited since the commencement of the campaign in the Crimea, and it is no doubt due to the rude life to which the Russian soldier is subjected not only as a soldier but as a peasant."

Next he says of the Frenchman:

"While eating is no part of a soldier's life in the Russian camp it is quite the contrary. A Frenchman must have his breakfast before he fights, and he will cook rather than lose it; for between fear of losing his meal and life there is about an even balance. On the morning of the battle of Inkermann, 7,500 Englishmen were compelled to start the shock of 45,000 Russians for three hours, before the French division arrived, the latter having stopped to eat their breakfast before starting to the aid of their suffering allies. They fought most beautifully, as they always do, when they did arrive but in the meantime there had been a fearful slaughter of Englishmen, which otherwise might have been saved. This is one of the facts which do not appear in print, for the good of the alliance, but it is nevertheless true."

ADVERTISING.—The Lever by which

Fortunes are made.—At a banquet given to the employees of a large establishment in New York city, the owner of the establishment, says the Sun, in the course of a brief history of his rise and progress as a manufacturer, alluded to his indebtedness to the press as the great medium by which he had made the public acquainted with his business, and drawn them to him as customers. He said he regarded the press in this age of competition, as the great fulcrum upon which the tradesman rested his advertisement, that he who advertised most judiciously and extensively, was sure to reap the reward of triumph. If every man dealing wares to the public was guided by this truthful conviction of his interests as this manufacturer, few would have cause to complain of small sales, or ill success in trade. A few enterprising men of the various trades and professions have got hold of the great secret of success, and it is not strange to us that they rise to fortune and eminence, to the wonder and annoyance of their less sagacious and non-advertising neighbors.

A fit word about Foreign and Domestic

Missions Fifty said.

The Committee on Foreign Relations in the United States Senate have reported and recommended for adoption the following resolutions:—
"Resolved, That it would be just and wise on the part of the government of the United States, in future treaties with foreign nations, to secure, if practicable, to our citizens residing abroad, the right of worshipping God, freely and openly, according to the dictates of their own consciences, by providing that 'they shall not be disturbed, molested or annoyed in any manner on account of their religious belief, nor in the proper exercise of their peculiar religion, either within their own private houses, or in churches, chapels or other places appointed for public worship; and that they shall be at liberty to build and maintain places of worship in convenient situations, interfering in no way with, but respecting the religion and customs of the country in which they reside."

"Resolved, further, That it would be just and wise, in our future treaties with foreign nations, to secure to our citizens residing abroad, the right to purchase and own burial places, and to bury any of our citizens dying abroad in such places, with those religious ceremonies and observances deemed appropriate by the surviving relatives and friends of the deceased."

We hope these desirable subjects will be attained. We trust the day is not far distant when the Christian countries of Europe will follow in the steps of the Mohammedan so far as to grant the free, untrammelled and open exercise of the rights of conscience, worship, and sepulture to all within their dominions. Our envoys, in laboring for such a purpose, would be much better occupied than in intrigues for conquest and plunder.

And when this is done, and Europe, at our instance, has set us an example of religious freedom, will it then be too much to ask of our government the same boon for ourselves? Will it then be "dangerous" and "unpatriotic," as it is said to be, new to ask that it may no longer be a crime by statute to teach the Scriptures in Maryland, or to go as a missionary to the servants of the Chictaws? That the widow in Virginia who contributes her mite to Christianity by teaching her ignorant neighbor to read the Bible, may no longer be fined and imprisoned thirty days in the county jail! That shameful violations of the marriage vow shall no longer be tolerated on the Eastern shore for the sake of increasing "the stock for market!" That the dead—when of the race that Philip baptized and taught—instead of being found "unclaimed" into a common receptacle, in the parlous of our southern cities, may have decent Christian burial! After Rome and Paris have been attended to, cannot our government contrive some way to negotiate a treaty with Charleston, or to send an envoy to New Orleans! Or must we still stand before the world a living contradiction of our principles—demanding abroad what we dare not grant at home!—All. Journal.

Gen. Shields.—This amiable but rather

supple gentleman anticipated his defeat in Illinois when he voted for the Nebraska Bill. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says that when the Nebraska Bill was before the Senate, and before Know Nothingism was thought of as a principle of power in the Senatorial elections, Gen. Shields stated in the presence of several persons in that city, that the obligations of party demanded his vote for that measure, although he knew that his support of it would result in his political prostration. He preferred to sacrifice his feelings of right and duty to what he was foolish enough to consider as obligations to his party; and he has his reward. He seems to have fully appreciated both his own weakness and the strength of the people.

Agriculture in Common Schools.

The Legislature of Vermont at its recent session passed the following:

AN ACT to encourage the study of the science of Agriculture in Common Schools. It is hereby enacted, &c.

SECTION 1. The Governor is hereby authorized to purchase one copy of "Warning's Elements of Agriculture" for each town in the State, and to draw an order on the Treasurer for the payment of the same.

SEC. 2. One of these books shall be placed in the hands of the Superintendent of Schools of each town, with instructions to examine it with regard to its merits as a school-book, and [he] shall report to the Clerk of the said town what number of copies, if any, is required for the use of the Common Schools of the said towns.

SEC. 3. The legal voters of each town, shall, at the next annual town meeting, vote whether or not the town shall purchase the number of books recommended by the Superintendent aforesaid, and the Town Clerk shall report to the Governor of the State the result of such ballot.

SEC. 4. The Governor shall then order to be manufactured, in such style as he shall deem expedient, a sufficient number of the books to supply the demand by the aforesaid ballot, and these books shall be manufactured in the State of Vermont, and they shall be deposited with the Superintendents of Schools in the various towns, and the payment therefor collected by the publishers or proprietors at their own expense.

Approved Nov. 13, 1854.

States Rights—Michigan.

The Michigan Legislature, February 6th, passed a bill to prohibit the use of jails and other public buildings of that State for the confinement of persons claimed as fugitive slaves. Democrats in Italics.

YEAS—Ashmun, Beebe; Bascher, Brown, Brownell, Church, J. Divier, DePuy, Eddy, Eddy, Edwards, Fines, Gilman, Gregory, Hall, Hunt, Ives, Judd, King, Lapham, Lemmon, Lovell, Luce, McIntyre, Middlesworth, Miller, Mills, D. N. Montague, H. Montague, Moorman, Musey, Noble, Parker, Pettit, N. Power, P. Rowan, Ralph, Ross, Sherman, Smith, Shier, Strang, Tiffany, Speaker, and R. K. Dine—31.

NAYS—Atwood, Barclay, Chamblain, Chapin, Chaffin, Duncan, Ewell, Fitch, Mahoney, May, Littlejohn, Parsons, Reynolds, Sanborn, St. Aubin, Sutherland, White, Wilbur—13.

Gov. Concha, of Cuba, has issued orders to his troops to give no quarters to the filibusters that may be found on the island. We have no doubt the order will be duly respected and obeyed.

The agricultural bureau of the Patent Office has just received from the Cape of Good Hope, by the Japan Expedition, quantities of wheat of surpassing beauty and excellence. It will soon be ready for distribution.

THIRTEEN PERSONS DEAD IN ALLEGHENY

CITY FROM EXPOSURE TO THE COLD AND STARVATION.—This is a startling caption, reader, and yet, alas! too true.

Our readers will remember an account we gave some days since, of the terrible condition of several families of Germans who arrived here three weeks ago from Germany. We then chronicled the death of three of the children, and subsequently added another to the sorrowful list. It is now our sad duty to announce the deaths of nine other members of those families.

When the party left Germany, it consisted of four men, four women, and fourteen children; in all, twenty-two persons. Two of the women died at sea. One child was left in New York in a dying condition, and has since died. Two men, one woman, and ten children have died in Allegheny. Perhaps of the latter number, one died in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital. Of that, however, we are not certain. Thus sixteen out of the twenty-two have died. Six are now living, all of whom are still sick, and one child is now in a dying condition.

One of the children was buried on Thursday, (yesterday,) and two the day before. Nearly every day for more than a week past has witnessed the death of one of the unfortunate sufferers. Is not this horrible!

To prevent any misunderstanding with regard to the matter, we would distinctly state that these families have been carefully attended to since their arrival. Every possible assistance has been rendered them by the Ladies' Benevolent Association, and the Guardians of the Poor of this city. The noble-hearted lady of the Association in whose district the families were found, has been untiring in her efforts, and has herself bestowed upon them every possible kindness and comfort. The Guardians of the Poor of this city have also furnished them medical attendance. The cause of this terrible tragedy in real life must be written down in the annals of Emigration! When these families arrived in New York, they were scarcely covered with clothing; the weather being intensely cold, and they without money, they were consequently freezing and starving to death all the way from New York to this city. Their constitutions received a severe shock than they could bear and they lingered in agony a few days, beyond the power of man to save them, and dropped into untimely graves. Kind hands, prompted by generous hearts, were ready to soothe their dying agonies, but they could not avert the impending death.—Pittsburg Gazette.

MURKERS AGAINST SPADERS.—The Gospel Banner says—"The United States army numbers about 10,000 men, who cost the country last year \$8,225,240 for pay, subsistence, clothing, &c. The Illinois Central railroad army numbers 10,000 men, who receive from the company \$3,700,000 per annum. In three years they will make seven hundred miles of road, adding greatly to the wealth of the State and the country. In thirty years the United States have spent \$200,000,000, for which they have nothing to show but some old forts, guns, battered uniforms, and demoralized veterans."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON ON PARTIES AND

TRADES.—Look at our politics. The great parties co-exist with the origin of the government, do not inspire us with exalted hopes. The democracy—does it stand really for the good of the many, of the poor! The party of property and education, the whig party,—have they ever addressed themselves to the solemn purpose of relieving this country of the monumental calamity of slavery? (Applause.) That party has resisted every progressive step. Did free trade come from them—have they